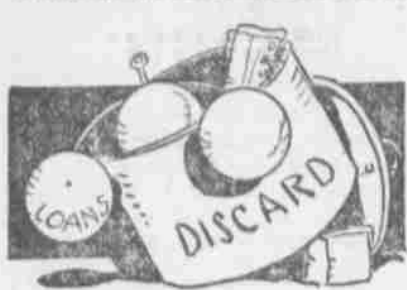


Gales of GOTHAM and other CITIES

New York's "Uncles" No Longer Are Pawnbrokers

NEW YORK.—"Your Uncle" of New York is getting quite perky. He no longer calls himself a pawnbroker, but a loan broker, and his place of business is not known as the once familiar "hock shop." It is a loan office.



The old familiar three brass balls, his insignia of trade, has also been discarded. In fact, "uncle" has established himself as a real broker. He has an elaborately equipped shop, furnished like a bank, with carved woodwork and hangings to give it an air of refinement, and his goods are most artistically displayed.

Then many things have been done to safeguard the sensibilities of the customers, rear and side entrances being provided for those who would keep the fact that they are in sore straits from being known to their neighbors. Private rooms for those who would negotiate loans on precious stones, while for those who have articles of lesser value upon which they hope to raise money there are small booths ranged along the rear of the counters. A person may step into one of these and bargain with a keen and affable clerk without being seen or overheard by others in the place. The only pledges the modern uncle will accept are diamonds and baubles. But in the poorer sections of the city the pawnshops will take anything from a baby carriage to a feather bed.

In fact, in these out-of-the-way places most of the articles pawned include clothing, cheap jewelry, musical instruments and the like. To appreciate the quantity of clothing pledged in this city one should frequent some of these cheaper pawnshops. During the week the East and West sides are satisfied with one change of raiment, but on a Saturday night they must have their festive regalia for Sunday. Therefore they go in streams to the pawnshops to redeem their clothing. When Monday morning comes around they "hock" it again until the following Saturday. A new suit is good for a six-dollar loan. The next time it is pawned its value deteriorates 50 cents and so on, until the owner can get but \$1 on it. After that he lets it go. Sold at auction the pawnbroker usually gets the money back he has advanced on it.

Touring Chicago's Loop District on a Handcar

CHICAGO.—Policemen Jones and Connors of the Hinman street station thought they had seen all possible stunts that a pair of men out for a large evening could invent, but Anton Kotske, 2320 Kroll street, and an unknown friend showed them a new one the other night.

The policemen were at Robey and West Twenty-first streets when a low craft bore down in the office. It was without lights fore or aft, but the two officers could see aboard it two men alternately bobbing up and down as they tore along the Robey street car tracks.

The vehicle was a self-starting, man-propelled railroad handcar of the model of 1909. The police halted the craft, but it sped by like a neutral merchantman ducking a German U-boat. Jones fired two shots across her bow and the handcar hove to. One passenger escape. Kotske, a Mexican, surrendered.

"We was out for a tour of the loop," he said.

Kotske was taken to the Hinman street station in the patrol wagon, with the handcar trailing as evidence.

The car had been stolen from the yards of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad.

When Kotske was asked why he wanted to tour the loop in a handcar, he said "because it was so unusual."

Lucy, Maiden Elephant, Entertains Gotham Folk

NEW YORK.—Lucy, a maiden elephant of three hundred and eighty-six summers, took it upon herself to see the sights of New York before being shipped into the wilds of Michigan, where it is to be her profession to amuse farmers at the village fairs. Under the direction of her keeper, Luke Connolly, Lucy arrived in America on the steamer Minnehaha. The next step in her journey was to have been to fight power at the New York Central freight yards at Thirty-third street and the North river, where she was to have embarked in a nice, roomy freight car for Michigan.



At 3:30 o'clock Luke started with his charge from the steamer at the foot of Sixteenth street to make the trip to the freight yards. All afternoon, followed by some fifteen hundred or two thousand children, Lucy slowly meandered northward until about 5:30 she had reached Thirtieth street.

There she decided it was time to rest—and there she stayed until nine o'clock. Try as he might Luke could make no impression on her dumb intellect that the train was waiting. Then a new notion seized her. She started to back, and, without turning around, she proceeded down the street to Twenty-ninth street, turning east to Ninth avenue and thence once more northward to a point between Thirty-first and Thirty-third streets, where the walls of the Pennsylvania tunnel stopped her.

Across the street Lucy saw something that appeared to be more interesting. But its entrance was barred by a heavy wooden gate with an iron bar. Nothing daunted, Lucy hit the obstruction head foremost, and after the crash was over found herself in the grounds of the Institution for the Blind.

It was at this point that Bill Snyder arrived from Central Park zoo. He brought with him a wagon full of chains and ropes which he began to tie around Lucy. Whether from anger, shame or stupidity, Lucy objected, and in a roar that could be heard for blocks, began to trumpet.

She was soon subdued and next day, after putting a locomotive off the track, started on her journey to the middle West.

Boise in Danger of Losing Famous Hot Wells

BOISE, IDAHO.—Citizens of Boise, who for the past quarter of a century have taken special pride in their natural hot water for the heating of houses, public buildings and business blocks, have just been made to realize that this unique treasure hangs on a slender thread.

Slight earthquake tremors were felt in this vicinity recently, and investigation made since by experts in the interest of the water company lays bare the ever-present possibility of the total loss of the hot artesian flow or a tremendous increase as the result of the next tremor or shock.

Twenty years ago a well in Hull's gulch, a few miles above Boise, was spouting forth a lusty stream of water boiling hot. Later, when pumps were installed in the wells on the bench just outside the city limits to increase the supply of hot water for city consumption, this well in Hull's gulch, a few miles away, quit flowing altogether. It remained thus dormant all these years until the earthquake was felt in the fall. Since then it has been spouting as of old, while there has been no decrease noted in the flow of the wells lower down. The accepted theory has been that these wells are all fed from the same stream, and that this stream is thrown out from some tremendous subterranean caldron far below the surface of the earth.

Scientists differ as to the source of the heat. By some it is attributed to internal gases. Others adhere to the theory of radioactivity.

MOST COSTLY "PARISH CHURCH."

What is announced as likely to be "the costliest parish church in the world" is the new St. Bartholomew's to be built at Park avenue and Fifth street, New York city.

THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW

According to an Italian physician, love causes an intoxication of the nervous centers, producing a disease that, if not cured may lead to neurasthenia, and even insanity.

Daniel Cronin, for 23 years a member of the National Soldiers' home in Togus, Me., was surprised recently to find that the governor of the institution was his old schoolmate, William P. Hurley, with whom he grew up in Portsmouth, N. H.

A British sealer, digging "somewhere in France," has come on an elaborate series of catacombs believed to have been built during the Franco-Prussian war, and capable of accommodating several thousand people, which number of Tommies is now taking full advantage of the pre-alliance fore sight of their French comrades in arms.

GIRL'S DIARY SHOWS HOW IRISH REVOLT SPREAD REIGN OF TERROR

Miss Dora Bing, Once a New Jersey Resident, Surrounded by Bombardment and Street Fighting, Describes Her Experience—Feared for Safety of Mother During the Rebellion, but Was Unable to Go to Her.

New Brunswick, N. J.—Miss Dora Bing, once a New Brunswick girl, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bing of this place, was within two miles of the center of fighting in Ireland when the revolt was at its height.

Her experiences are set forth in the following extracts from her diary:

"On Thursday evening previous to Easter day and mother set off for Killybeg, leaving us alone. We had a jolly time on the whole, and on Easter Monday, knowing dad would be home in the evening, we thought we would wind up one holiday by a visit to the movies. On Monday afternoon, at about two o'clock, we set out and caught a tramcar at the foot of the road. It cost twopence to go to town, and we had paid our money when, at Haddington road, about half way, the conductor came along and told us to get out, that the train was going no farther.

"Out we got and started walking, wondering whether the lines were broken or the electric power cut off. We had not proceeded far when we met a woman who lived right opposite here. She was in a great state of excitement. She said: 'My dear children, you're not dreaming of proceeding farther. The town is in an uproar. The Sinn Fein volunteers are out, armed with rifles, machine guns and heaven knows what. Men are being shot and several have been killed. We didn't want to hear any more, but turned back. She went with us. She had been in town and had to walk out again.

"When we got to the spot where we had left the train we were shown a house at the corner of the road, and on the roof of the house was a sniper, who was shooting at the soldiers that came along. As the house was within a stone's throw of one of the biggest barracks, it was a bit serious, was it not? We then thought we were a great deal too near for the air to be really healthy, and made tracks for home.

"About six o'clock in the evening Uncle Jack arrived home. He was absolutely exhausted. I forgot to tell you it was a scorching hot day and exceedingly dusty. He had left here by train about half-past one and arrived at the Phoenix park about half-past twelve. He was quietly reading when he heard a most fearful roar, and, inquiring, was told the volunteers had attacked the magazine in the park. He thought it was time to quit and got to the park gates. No trains, but lots of bullets whizzing around.

"Well, it would take a book and an experienced writer to tell you how he got over the barricades, hid up side streets and dodged bullets. As a straight walk it is easily six or seven miles from the Gates home, but at all his side-tracks, etc., were included, it would take about ten miles. He had tramped all this amid any amount of firing. Talk about limp rags—when he got home he was, as I believe you say, some rag. We were glad to see him, I can tell you.

"Get News of Rebels.

"Before we went to bed news came that the rebels had command of the general post office, the Westland Row railway station, the Kilmurphy railway station at which all trains from Killybeg and the South arrive, had ripped up tramway and railway wires, and had intruded themselves at St. Stephen's green, right in the heart of the city. We went to bed in a very shaky state of mind, wondering how mother and dad were faring, and hoping they had heard of the trouble soon enough to prevent their leaving Killybeg.

"Tuesday.—Awoke to the pip-pip of bullets about one-half mile away. Spent the day in an awful state, listening to shots every few minutes. Neighbors exceedingly kind and came to ask us around if we were afraid. No mails, no newspapers and no news except rumors of a half-raising description. At night, about half-past seven, a fearful bombardment by heavy guns, not very far away. Heard afterward that a gunboat had steamed up the Liffey and had bombarded Liberty hall, the headquarters of the volunteers, also heard that the flag of the Irish Republic was floating over the post office and that the rebels had issued a proclamation calling on all loyal Irishmen to take up arms and fight to rid the country of alien people—Ireland for the Irish.

"At half-past eight I went crazy. Dad had come home, had left Killybeg at half-past two, with no word of the trouble, and had left mother there for a few days longer. Train stopped at Limerick Junction and took passengers on for the night. Next morning still no trains to Dublin, so my bright dad, the man from Cooke's, took a train to Waterford, whence he came home on a different line and got through the city in wonderful safety.

"He wrote to mother from Limerick telling her there were rumors of serious trouble in Dublin, and that she must on no account come up until sent for. We went to bed to the sound of heavy firing. Decided that when I am in need of music to send me to sleep I will not requisition any artillery.

"Wednesday.—More firing. Watched

BEER KEGS WEAPONS OF WAR

Austrians Use Them as Bombs on Carso Front—Fire Them From Cannons.

London.—An Italian correspondent writes that the Austrians are now making use of a wooden bomb on the Carso front. The bomb looks like a cask, its outer shell being in fact composed of wooden staves with iron hoops, and it is large enough to contain 250 pounds of explosives.

For the purposes of firing this "beer-cask" bomb is placed in the mouth of a 420-millimeter gun like a great cork. It does not travel far, and causes far more noise than destruction.

The Italians are puzzled to know why the Austrians bother about them at all. One reason suggested is that it enables the Austrians to use up the innumerable casks lying idle at the Pilsen breweries now that the export of the famous Pilsener lager has been stopped.

The same correspondent states that

which is very funny and not at all nice.

"Of course, could not go to church. Great shooting seemed very near. A house near us searched, and two Sinn Feiners and a quantity of ammunition found. Great excitement. Jim and Margaret make friends with sentry outside gate, and give Jim his badge. Gave him tea, etc.

"In the afternoon not allowed outside the garden gate, and as Jim and Margaret stood there just after tea—'pip-pip,' and a bullet went past their heads, which hastened their steps indoors in a great state of fright. After this much shooting round about. They seemed to store up their energy until ordinary people are trying to sleep. Horrible roar at night, and noise seems to come along the road and also in the back garden. I found out next day that two snipers were caught on the roofs of houses near by, which accounted for much. Went by bad feeling very shaky. Rumors said the majority of the rebels in town had surrendered, which, in view of the great noise near at hand, we found hard to believe.

Firing continues after week.

"Monday.—The trouble has lasted a whole week, and the firing still continues, but nearer town, I am thankful to say. Went for a walk in the afternoon, the sentries having been removed. Went to our friends as before, and found them terribly frightened. Houses near by had been shelled and a lot of fighting had taken place around their house. Sentries still posted at a number of roads, and no one allowed into town without a military permit. Firing gradually decreasing, but broke out again at night as usual. Rumors of rebels' surrender confirmed, and we seem to be near the end. Still no mail.

"Tuesday.—A newspaper at last, but only four pages and cost twopence. At about eleven o'clock at night a great lot of firing broke out very near at hand and continued till twelve, when, being used to such noise, we fell asleep. Still no trains, and great food famine in the city. We have no meat, but otherwise are very fortunate in the food line. I forgot to say that the soldiers came around Tuesday and ordered us to get all the bread we could, as flour and yeast were running short. No women were allowed beyond the station, so dad started off with a linen bag to get loaves from a bakery about one-half mile away. After great difficulty he got, with three other men, as far as the bakery and bought 45 loaves at nine cents each, which is very dear. There were riots around the bakery and people were there from all parts of the city, very hungry.

"Wednesday.—Dad determined to go to town and get a pass for the purpose from headquarters. Uncle Jack went with him, and both came home very upset at the dreadful sights they had seen. Pools of blood along the road and in town. The ruin is terrible. Nearly all Sackville street is burnt down, including Uncle Jack's office, which means that at the age of sixty he will have to start life again. His is only one of dozens of cases, and so far the misery and distress among workmen and shopkeepers is awful. Uncle Jack is very cut up, and when he saw the office and hundreds of pounds' worth of valuable machinery wrecked he nearly cried.

"Our friends next door also have lost their office, but as they are very wealthy they will not feel it so much. The general post office was opened, having undergone very extensive alterations, only about a month ago, but all that is left now in the empty shell, the four walls and no roof. A new theater, opened just over a year ago, is also in ruins, also one of our biggest dry-goods stores. It is impossible to tell on paper the awful destruction that these lunatics have wrought, as if there were not sufficient blood being shed in the world at present without their miserable efforts to add to it.

"Trains and trams are beginning to run within a very limited area and business is quite at a standstill. No mail as yet or wires, and newspapers cost twopence each still.

"This is Thursday, and I have finished my tale. It was very exciting while it lasted, and now we are to taste the sorrow of it. Dad has gone to town again to try to get to Kingsbridge, to let mother know that she may come up again. I couldn't begin to tell you how glad I'll be to see her again and to have her back safe and sound. I am dreadfully afraid she will have been worrying herself crazy, for if the reality was bad enough the rumors were ten times worse.

"As one old man remarked, 'Glory be to God! They're fine weather for their fighting!' So they had, for it has been just perfect spring weather for a fortnight past, with the most beautiful sunshine. At times it has been very hot.

"Dad is going to cable Uncle Andrew, and no doubt you will have received the news from him long before this arrives, but I have done my best to tell you of the state of excitement in which our lives have been spent for the last week or more. Thank God, it is all over now, the "reign of terror" is finished. I am thankful, too, that mother has been spared it all."

Prison Better Than Camp.

Montgomery, Ala.—Felix Smith, white, a convict serving two years for embezzlement, escaped from the turpentine camp, near the Florida line, and walked 200 miles back to the penitentiary rather than suffer the abuses which he said were heaped upon him in the camp. He walked into the penitentiary and told the warden that he had escaped so he could "come back home." Smith has served eight months and most likely will not be sent back to the camp.

Strict Truth.

"He said he was a bank cashier, and we investigated and found that he was." "What bank?" "Well, it's a gravel bank, and he's paymaster of the shoveler gang."—Browning's Magazine.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Uncle Sam Aids Cupid With Model Cottage Plan

WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam and Dan Cupid announce the invention of a "perfect love of a vine-clad cottage, economically and scientifically made," that any prospective builder can obtain by writing to the department of agriculture. This model house is so ingeniously arranged that it will save the housekeeper 182,500 steps a year.

There are, besides the wonderful patient kitchen, a dining room, living room and two bedrooms, a front porch and a large sleeping porch.

The kitchen's principal feature is the cooking room, just large enough to accommodate a stove. When the door of the room is closed the cabbage may boil or the ham burn up and no odor will penetrate to the kitchen proper. The housewife need not stay in the room with the stove; in fact, she couldn't stay in it if she wanted to.

Windows are so arranged that there is always a breeze through the kitchen. The front porch is arranged so it will not exclude any sunlight. The sleeping porch is germ proof and airy. The china closet has doors in kitchen and dining room and dishes are laid in at one door and taken out of another in the next room.

The kitchen has a screened porch, and connected with it is a fuelroom. Fuel is poured into it from the back yard—it may be dumped right from a wagon into the rooms—and, like the trick china closet, permits being emptied from another entrance into the kitchen.

There are seven closets in the house, which is only one story. The nearest approach to a second story is where a window has been inserted. That window gives exit to the smoke and smells from the cooking room, with which it and an inside chimney connect.

Government Makes Needles for Asphalt Testing

FEW people know enough about Uncle Sam's business to understand offhand why he should design and manufacture needles, but it was recently found desirable by the highway experts of the office of public roads and rural engineering to do so. The new needles were produced, it happens, to replace ordinary No. 2 sewing needles. The tiny points are used to test the consistency of asphalts and other pitch-like road materials.

When bituminous substances were first introduced engineers tested them by the primitive method of chewing a small sample, estimating the consistency by the resistance to the teeth. A generation ago the idea was conceived of thrusting a needle into the substance by a machine under known conditions of temperature and load, measuring the time and distance of penetration.

For years the needles employed have been No. 2 sewing needles of a certain make. The government road experts have not been satisfied with the degree of accuracy, however, and as a result of a series of careful microscopic investigations recently showed that the needles considered standard even by the makers of precise instruments varied greatly. They therefore set to work to design a needle of different shape whose dimensions could be accurately duplicated. They have succeeded so well that a number of needles made by specification alone have given results practically free from even minute variations. It is not improbable that the government needles will become in a short time the acknowledged standard for the engineering profession.

Washington's New Bridge Will Be Named for Key

UNLESS congress shall legislate to the contrary, "the Key bridge" will be the official designation of the new million-dollar bridge to be constructed across the Potomac river at Georgetown, to replace the condemned Aqueduct bridge. Lieut. Col. C. A. F. Flagler, the engineer officer in charge of river and harbor improvements in this vicinity, who will have charge of the construction of the new bridge, suggested that name "in memory of Francis Scott Key, author of 'The Star Spangled Banner,' who for a number of years lived at the corner of Thirty-fourth and M streets, Georgetown," which is expected to be selected as the site of the Washington approach to the new bridge. The secretary of war approved the suggestion and referred the matter to the district commissioners, with the suggestion that it be transmitted to congress with their views on the subject.

The existing bridge got its name from the fact that it was designed to carry the Chesapeake and Ohio canal across the river. Its use as an aqueduct was abandoned entirely many years ago. The name of the bridge, however, remained unchanged. There is nothing in the act authorizing the new bridge to govern its name, beyond the general provision for "a bridge at or near what is now known as the Aqueduct bridge." Inasmuch as the new bridge will not serve as an aqueduct in any sense, army engineers say it would be a misnomer to call it "the Aqueduct bridge."

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Vast Number of Letters Received by Mr. Wilson

PERHAPS no other president received as many letters as does President Wilson. Veterans of the White House staff admit that since the outbreak of the European war all records have been broken. Talking to friends the other day, the president said the letters seemed to run in cycles, the subjects calling forth the correspondence varying almost with the months. Just now, one of the undersecretaries said, money requests are multiplying with the approach of the campaign. One man wrote the other day asking for \$50 to take a long-delayed trip to a Southern town, promising to return the loan in two years. He prefaced the request with a glowing tribute to the president's statesmanship. He received a polite reply, but no money.

"If the president complied with one-tenth of these loan requests he would be a bankrupt," one of the executive staff confided.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE LEAD.

North Carolina easily retained first rank in gold output among the eastern or Appalachian states in 1915. The total production of gold in 1915 amounted to \$3,320,555 fine ounces. In 1915 the value of the North Carolina gold yield was slightly more than half of the eastern states' total. The gold was obtained from twenty-two placers and seven deep mines, but several of the mines made a very small production. The largest producing placer was the Biggsstaff, in Rutherford county. The Uwarra mine, in Montgomery county, had the largest yield of gold from deep mining.

MAKE LIVING FROM PHILANTHROPY.

In New York city it is stated that in the neighborhood of 4,000 persons make their living out of the distribution of philanthropic aid. The salaries of these are estimated to aggregate \$4,000,000 a year. One person draws \$10,000; nine others draw \$5,000 or more a year, and 58 draw a minimum of \$2,400.

INTERESTING ITEMS

Fresh air, food, rest—these three combat tuberculosis. Overeating, constipation, lack of exercise, foul air, eye strain, may produce headache.

The United States public health service has reduced typhoid fever 80 per cent in some communities.

The top and one side of a Rhode Island inventor's lunch box are in one piece and are hinged to the bottom, facilitating the filling and emptying of it. If we could build up a solid column of ice from the earth to the sun 200,000 miles and a half in diameter, spanning the intervening distance of 93,000,000 miles, and if the sun should concentrate its entire power on it, it would dissolve in a single second, according to a calculation made by Professor Young.

TO MARRY A PRINCE



Mrs. William B. Leeds, widow of the American tin plate millionaire, whose engagement to Prince Christophorus, twenty-eight years old, has been reported in London. Mrs. Leeds, since the death of her husband in 1908, has many times been reported engaged. She is the daughter of William C. Stewart, a Cleveland millionaire, and is one of the world's noted beauties.

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